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THE
BATTLE
OF THE
WIGS.

Additional CANTO — CARTH's POEM

THE
DISPENARY.

OCCASIONED BY

The DISPUTES between the *FELLOWS* and *LICENTIATES*
of the COLLEGE of PHYSICIANS, in LONDON.

By BONNELL THORNTON, M. B.

Dabiturque LICENTIA sumpta pudenter.

HOR.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY J. LISTER, AT ST. JOHN'S GATE;

And Sold by T. DAVIES, in *Russel-street, Covent-garden*; T. BECKET, and P. A. DE HONDT,
in the *Strand*; R. DAVIS, the Corner of *Sackville-street, Piccadilly*; R. BALDWIN, in *Pater-*
noster-row; and F. NEWBERY, at the Corner of *St. Paul's Church-yard*.

MDCCLXVIII.

500341

Stack 1701-1850



ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THOUGH the *Writer* of the following little Piece has chosen to call it “ *An additional Canto to Dr. Garth’s Poem of the Dispensary,*” he by no means pretends to aspire to an Imitation of that Work, much less would he presume to affect a Rivalship with the ingenious Author. The Subject being in some Measure similar, he was induced to make use of this Title.

The Disputes, at present subsisting between the Fellows and Licentiates of the College of Physicians, concerning their respective Rights, seemed to be no improper Topick for an innocent Laugh. Nothing that should in the least offend any individual, is intended by it. No Character is designed to be personally pointed out. As to the common Sarcastm, “ The killing of numbers of Patients, “ (says Dr. Garth,) is so trite a piece of Raillery, that it ought “ not to make any Impression.”

It is difficult, and perhaps in some Degree presumptuous, to attempt following, in a confined Walk, the Steps of any Author of Eminence. If some Expressions or Sentiments in this Piece should

should be found to be the same with, or somewhat similar to any in Dr. Garth's Poem, the Writer begs he may not lay under the imputation of Plagiarism. One or two Instances, which he has discovered, of a Similarity, he has carefully pointed out.

One Part of the Machinery is founded upon fact. A Blacksmith was employed to break open the College Gate, in order to try the Rights of the Licentiates. The Circumstances of the Butchers and the Engine charged with Blood were jocular Reports at that Time.

The Writer begs leave to enter a Caveat against the Critics finding fault with his Rhymes not exactly chiming in some few Places. He cannot, with submission, but be of opinion, that the Sense should not be totally sacrificed to the Sound: besides, he can shelter himself under the Authority and Example of our best Authors. He might also plead in favour of some Alliterations, in which he has indulged himself, if he was not satisfied, that the use of them is generally allowed in the Mock-Heroick, however sparingly they ought to be introduced in more serious Compositions.

E R R A T U M.

Page 14, L. 1, for *Choak'd with the FAME*, read *Choak'd with the FUME*.

T H E

B A T T L E O F T H E W I G S.

P A R T T H E F I R S T.

T U R N, muse, once more to *Warwick's* dismal lane,
 Where feuds unheard of, and new uproars reign;
 Where *Fellows* with *Licentiates* hold debate;---
 These, (to preserve their dignity of state,)
 Admit no partners in their councils grave, 5
 Who titles only from *Diplomas* have ;

N O T E.

V. 1. *Turn, Muse, once more to Warwick's dismal Lane.*
 The college of physicians is erected in *Warwick Lane*.

An equal rank the others boldly claim,
 Alike their fortunes, and alike their fame:---
 Each *Æsculapian* breast fell discord warms,
 And for awhile the gown gives place to arms.

10

Say, DEATH, what prompted thee to spread debate
 Among thy sons, the arbiters of fate?
 Thy great upholders, whose unsparing pen
 Crowds *Pluto's* realm, and thins the race of men?

'Twas on the day, held sacred to *St. Luke*,
 Rever'd by sages skill'd in purge or puke;---
 When in mute state the grave assembly meet,
 To hear profound oration,---and to eat;---

15

N O T E S.

V. 10. *And for awhile the gown gives place to arms.*

Cedunt Arma Togæ, is a well known expression. In the universities the doctors of physick are invested with a SCARLET GOWN; and it may be a question with some perhaps, whether that or the SCARLET COAT has been productive of most destruction among mankind.

V. 18. *To hear profound oration---*

On *St. Luke's* day there is a *Latin* speech pronounced by a FELLOW in the college of physicians, called (from Doctor *Harvey*, the original institutor of this ceremony) *Oratio Harveiana*.

LICENTIATO held it for a fin
 To fast without, while others feast within. 20
 Hungry and dry, he mourn'd his hapless fate,
 With Socio not allow'd to foul a plate;
 Forbid to cheer his heart, and warm his throttle,
 With *Hauſtus repetendus* of the bottle.

Mad'ning at length with grief, and fir'd with rage, 25
 Which nothing but admittance could assuage,
 " Open your gates, he cries, and let us enter,
 " Or else to force them open we'll adventure."

Socio, elated with his high degree
 Of A. B. A. M. M. B. and M. D. 30

N O T E S.

V. 24. *With Hauſtus repetendus of the Bottle.*

The medical gentry, however they may recommend abstinence to others, are many of them no enemies to the bottle, if taken in *Moderation*, as they term it. A certain witty physician was advising a friend of his, who had been used to be too free with his bottle, to take a chearful *Pint* with his meals, and no more: " but, says he, the whole secret consists in knowing how much your *Pint* should hold. I myself take my *Pint* constantly after dinner and supper; but mine is a Scots *Pint*,"---that is, two quarts.

V. 29. Socio, *elated with his high degree*
Of A. B. A. M. M. B. and M. D.

A. B. *Artium Baccalaureus*, batchelor of arts, A. M. *Artium Magister*, master of arts, M. B. *Medicinæ Baccalaureus*, batchelor of physick, M. D. *Medicinæ Doctor*, doctor of physick.

Bids him without, and at a distance wait,
Nor deigns he to unfold the sacred gate.

“ Shall *Scots*, he cries, or *Leyden* doctors dare

“ With sapient *Regulars* to claim a chair?

“ How can *Diplomatists* have equal knowledge?

35

“ No, no---they must not mess with GRADUATES of a COLLEGE.”

He said, when strait LICENTIATO tries
By force to gain what stubborn pride denies.
And now the pond'rous pestle beats to arms,
And the huge mortar rings with loud alarms;
On barber's pole a peruke they display
With triple tail, a signal for the fray.

40

O could the modest muse but dare aspire
To emulate one spark of *Homer's* fire,

N O T E S.

V. 39. *And now the pond'rous pestle beats to arms,
And the huge Mortar rings with loud alarms.*

While lifted pestles brandish'd in the air
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.

GARTH.

V. 43. *O could the modest muse but dare aspire
To emulate one spark of Homer's fire,
The list of large-wig'd Warriours she might chaunt.*

In the fourth book of *Homer's Iliad* is a list of the forces employed against *Troy*.

The list of large-wig'd warriors she might chaunt, 45
 From CLUMSY TUNBELLY to JOHN O' GAUNT.

Nor yet unmindful to defend the doors
 Are Socio's bands, and force repel with force.

Within the gates close-bolted, lock'd, and bar'd,
 Of neighb'ring BUTCHERS stands an awful guard; 50
 Each with an azure apron strung before,
 And snow-white sleeves, as yet unstain'd with gore:
 The foe the whetting-iron hears dismay'd,
 Grating harsh music from the sharp'ning blade.

From *Newgate Market* came the bloody bands, 55
 With marrow-bones and cleavers in their hands,
 Fram'd to split skulls, and deal destructive knocks,
 To fell a doctor, or to fell an ox;---

N O T E S.

V. 46. *From CLUMSY TUNBELLY to JOHN O' GAUNT.*

CLUMSY TUNBELLY, Doctor -----

JOHN O' GAUNT, Doctor -----

V. 55. *From Newgate Market came the bloody bands.*

Newgate Market is contiguous to *Warwick Lane*. The Butchers are therefore called (in V. 50.) *neighb'ring* butchers.

Fit instruments to quash a foe, then ring
 A peal of triumph,---*Ding dong, ding dong, ding.* 60

No wonder, butchers should physicians aid;
 The same their practice, nor unlike their trade:
 And what alliance more exactly suits?
 Man-killers leagued with those who slaughter brutes.

Nor yet on these alone the Dons rely, 65
 But they prepare a mask'd artillery.
 A water engine, charg'd with beastly gore,
 Stands ready on the foe its filth to pour.
 And what than this can cast a greater dread,
 Design'd to change the fable coat to red? 70

N O T E S.

V. 59. *Fit Instruments to quash a foe, then ring*
A Peal of Triumph, ding dong, ding dong, ding.

In the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, adapted to the ancient *British* musick, is the following A I R.

Hark, how the banging marrow-bones
 Make clanging cleavers ring,
 With a ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
 Raise your uplifted arms on high,
 In long-prolonged tones,
 Let cleavers found
 A merry merry round,
 By banging marrow-bones.

To save their cloaths e'en surgeons step aside,
When from the puncture spouts the crimson tide.

Thou too, dread officer, of sov'reign pow'r,
Thou tyrant-monarch of the midnight hour,---
(If haply, when thou tread'st thy watchful round,
Some kind-inviting vagrant nymph be found;) 75
Hight CONSTABLE, waft there;---Thy magic staff,
With royal standard down emblazon'd half;---
Ensign of might, to make wild uproar cease,
And bid tumultuous riot be at peace. 80

END OF THE FIRST PART.

1890 May 10

Dear Mr. [Name]

I have received your letter of the 5th inst. and am
glad to hear that you are well. I am
also well and hope this finds you the same.
I have not much news to write at present.
The weather here is very warm and sunny.
I have been out for a walk in the park
and saw many beautiful flowers in bloom.
I hope you are enjoying the spring season
as well. I will write again soon.

Yours truly,
[Signature]

T H E
B A T T L E O F T H E W I G S.

P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

W I T H O U T, th' enrag'd LICENTIATO waits,
Striving to force a passage through the gates,
In vain he strives;---then, drooping with despair,
To *Venus* he addrest his humble pray'r.

“ O goddess!---If thy votaries own my skill,
“ If they approve my lotion or my pill;---

- “ If *Rock*, nor *Flugger*, boast a fairer name,
 “ If *Drury*, and *The Garden*, found my name;---
 “ If many a mother, that would pass for maid,
 “ In secret calls for my *obstetric* aid;--- 10
 “ If, to prevent th’ affected sneer of prude,
 “ My juice of *S----* can the shame preclude; ---
 “ If with my *Drops* I rouse the enervate rake,
 “ And wives unfruitful happy mothers make;---
 “ O help!---Let *Mars’s* arms awhile be staid, 15
 “ And send your cuckold to my instant aid.”

N O T E S.

V. 7. *If Rock, nor Flugger, boast a fairer name.*

Richard Rock, a very noted practitioner. We have not been able to learn the import of those two significant letters M. L. which constantly accompany his name.

Flugger. Dr. *Flugger*, no less noted, but not of so long standing.

V. 8. *If Drury, and The Garden, found my fame.*

Drury Lane, of ancient renown. *Covent Garden* is emphatically stiled *THE Garden*, as the principal fingers in the *Opera* are called *THE Guarducci*, *THE Lovatini &c.*

V. 12. *My Juice of S—— can the shame preclude.*

Doctor *Mead*, in his essay on poison says, “ I had once in my possession, given me by an ingenious chemist, a clear liquor, which though ponderous, was so volatile, that it would all fly away in the open air, without being heated, and so corrosive, that a glass stopple of the bottle, which contained it, was in a short time so eroded, that it could never be taken out. The fume of it was so thin, that if a candle was set at some distance from the bottle, upon a table, the heat would direct its course that way; so that it might be poisonous to any one that sat near to the light, and to no body else. I know (adds the doctor) the composition of this stygian spirit; but it is better, that the world should not be instructed in such arts of death.”

For the same reason the author, as a lover of his king and country, and consequently a friend to *Population*, chuses not to print the word *S——* at full length.

The goddess heard, and, hast'ning to her spouse,
 With protestations and repeated vows
 Of strict fidelity in time to come,
 ("No more she'd wander, but would cleave to home,") 20
 Prevail'd upon her fond and easy dear
 On earth in form of *Blacksmith* to appear.
 The tedious hours of absence to beguile,
 'Tis said, with *Mars* she solac'd all the while.

To earth the God descending stood confest 25
 By the black bristles of his beard and breast;
 A leathern apron tyed about his waist,
 And on his head a woollen night-cap plac'd;
 A massy hammer in his hand he held,
 Which scarce two men of modern strength could weild. 30

With this, advancing, at one pond'rous stroke
 Forthwith th' inhospitable bars he broke:

N O T E S.

V. 29. *A massy Hammer in his Hand he held,
 Which scarce two men of modern strength could weild.*

A pond'rous stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below;
 Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
 Such men as live in these degenerate days.

Pope's Homer. B. XII.

Then to next alehouse did his Godship steer,
To quaff the earthly nectar of Butt Beer.

Soon as he saw the gates wide open stand, 35
In rush'd LICENTIATO with his band;
Through constables, through butchers onward prest
To FUMING CHAMBER, an unwelcome guest;
Where, from intrusion (as they thought) secure,
In lolling posture, and with look demure, 40
Immers'd in politicks and sober chat
The Dons serenely o'er their bottle sat;

N O T E S.

V. 33. *Then to next alehouse did his Godship steer,
To quaff the earthly nectar of Butt Beer.*

In justice to the honest landlord that keeps the house, and the worthy alderman that serves it, we think ourselves obliged to acquaint all true lovers of *Entire Butt*, that they will be sure to meet with an excellent tankard of it at the *Three Jolly Butchers*, the corner of *Warwick-Court*.

The author ingenuously acknowledges, that some of the best lines (if any may be called so) in his poem, are owing to the inspiration of this excellent liquor.

V. 38. TO FUMING CHAMBER

Vulgarly called, *Smoaking Room*.

We cannot but take notice here of an infamous addition to those admirable lines in favour of this noble exotic plant; to wit,

*Tobacco Hick, Tobacco Hick,
'Twill make you well, if you are sick.*

An enemy to *Tobacconists* has reversed the sentiment, by saying,

*Tobacco Hick, Tobacco Hick,
If you are well, will make you sick.*

In “customary suits of solemn black,”
 Save that the peruke whitens down the back.
 Slow from their lips proceeds the puff’d perfume, 45
 And sleep-inviting vapours cloud the room.

LICENTIATO enters.---With appall
 Each was struck dumb, as Mute at funeral.---
 So sat the *Roman Curules*, dully wife,
 When *Gauls* rush’d in, and view’d them with surprize, 50 }
 Taking their awful forms for deities.

N O T E S.

V. 43. In “customary suits of solemn black.”

Or customary suit of solemn black,

HAMLET.

V. 49. So sat the *Roman Curules*, dully wife,
 When *Gauls* rush’d in, and view’d them with surprize,
 Taking their awful forms for deities. }

“ When the crowd of superannuated patriots had, by their advice and exhortations
 “ to the soldiers, done all that was in their power towards the defence of the capital,
 “ [*Rome*] they returned to their houses, there to wait, with steady resolution, the
 “ coming of the enemy, and death. Such of them, as had *triumphed* for victories, or
 “ had been *Curule* magistrates, that they might die with the greater dignity, adorned
 “ themselves with the *insignia* of those honours which they had acquired by their virtue.
 “ Cloathed in their triumphal robes, or in those of their magistracies, they repaired to
 “ the *Forum*, and seating themselves there, in their *Curule* chairs, maintained the same
 “ respectable air of greatness, as when in the fullness of their former power.

“ As the *Gauls* had met with little resistance from the *Romans* in the field, and were
 “ not put to the trouble of an assault to take the city, they entered it (at the gate
 “ *Collina*) without any thing, in their appearance, of hostile anger, that raging flame
 “ kindled by opposition, difficulty and danger. Moving on, they beheld, with amaze-
 “ ment, the streets unpeopled as a desert; and when they came to the *Forum*, and
 “ cast their eyes all around, they could observe no shew of war but in the Citadel

Choak'd with the fame, LICENTIATO broke
 The solemn silence, and thus coughing spoke.
 " Give us, (*hem, hem,*) one drop to clear our lungs,
 " (*Hem, hem,*) one little drop to cool our tongues." 55
 " No; not a fingle drop", stern Socio roar'd,
 And up he snatch'd the bottle from the board.
 " How dares LICENTIATO force our gate?"
 He said, and hurl'd the bottle at his pate.
 The glass, less hard, quick from his front rebounds, 60
 Scarce leaving on the skin some superficial wounds.

N O T E.

" alone. What chiefly drew and fixed their Attention, was the company of venerable
 " Victims, who had devoted themselves to Death. THEIR MAGNIFICENT PURPLE
 " ROBES, THEIR LONG WHITE BEARDS, THEIR AIR OF GREATNESS, THEIR SILENCE,
 " STILLNESS, AND SERENITY, *all these astonished the Gauls, held them at an awful*
 " *distance, and inspired them with the same Respect which they would have had for so*
 " *many Gods.* It chanced, however, that one of the soldiers (who was, probably, less
 " apt to be religiously affected than his comrades) took the freedom gently to put
 " his hand towards the beard of *Manlius Papirius*, as if he meant to stroke it; a
 " familiarity which so offended the MAGESTIC FIGURE, that, with a smart blow of
 " his IVORY TRUNCHEON, he broke the fellow's head. There needed no more to
 " put an end to all reverence for such a cholerick deity. The *Gauls* instantly killed
 " *Papirius*; and, as if he had given the signal for a general massacre, all the rest were
 " now slain, SITTING, LIKE HIM, IN STATE, IN THEIR CURULE CHAIRS."

HOOKE'S *Roman History*, Book II. Chap. XXXVIII.

Let the Reader figure to himself the DOCTORS,---their MAGNIFICENT FULL-
 TRIM'D BLACK,---their LONG WHITE PERUKES,---their AIR OF GREATNESS,---their
 SILENCE, STILLNESS, and SERENITY,---their GOLD-HEADED CANES, (no less respecta-
 ble than the IVORY TRUNCHEON)---their SITTING IN STATE, IN THEIR ELBOW
 CHAIRS;---Let the Reader, I say, figure to himself these MAGESTICK FIGURES, and we
 are confident, he must be struck with awe and admiration.

Thrice happy thou, whose tender brain's immur'd
 In thickest case, by leaden skull secur'd!
 Drug-venders else had rued th' adventure cros,
 And callous undertakers mourn'd thy loss.

65

Yet with the shock LICENTIATO lies
 Stun'd,---from the floor unable to arise;
 And, as when cupping-utenfil's applied,
 The trickling streams from narrow fluices glide,
 So down his face flow flows a purple flood:---
 The muse affirms not, whether wine or blood.

70

N O T E.

V. 67. *Yet with the shock LICENTIATO lies*

Stun'd,---from the Floor unable to arise.

The sound is here designedly made to ecchoe to the sense.

So *Virgil*,

-----*procumbit humi Bos.*

Many instances may be brought, not only from the *Greek* and *Latin* poets, of a similar attention, but also from our own. Let one suffice.-----

Shakespeare, in his *King Lear*, has the following line,

"Many a fathom down precipitating,"

the *Precipitation* of which *Tate* has chosen to *stop* (in his alteration of this play) by substituting

"Many a fathom TUMBLING DOWN."

O what a TUMBLING DOWN is here!

END OF THE SECOND PART.

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T H E
B A T T L E O F T H E W I G S.

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

AND now a general tumult reigns through all;
“ To arms, to arms,” on ev’ry side they bawl.
Each grave bashaw, that bears three deathful tails,
Rous’d from his torpor joins in fierce affails;
Foregoes his wonted solemnness of mein,
While wig meets wig, and cane encounters cane.

The ruffled hairs on fretful perukes rise,
 Like quills on hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies;
 Their knots on either side the tyes unfold,
 And pendent midmost stands erectly bold.

10

So when *Medusa's* head bore snakes for hair,
 (Curl'd like the *Têtes* our dames of fashion wear,)
 Their folds untwisting, with amaze and dread
 They struck the foe, and instant star'd him dead.

The cane, for sapiency rever'd of old,
 (With head of amber, or with head of gold,)
 Sage nurse of thought, that gently kifs'd the nose,
 On the crack'd cranium deals descending blows.

15

N O T E S.

- V. 7. *The ruffled hairs on fretful perukes rise,
 Like quills on hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies.*

Make thy young hairs to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

HAMLET.

- V. 12. *Curl'd like the Têtes our dames of fashion wear.*

These preposterous ornaments of false hair, twisted and twirled into a thousand unnatural shapes, may indeed be very properly called *Medusa Têtes*, though it must be confessed they are (in the language of *Enamoratos*) not quite so KILLING. For the story of *Medusa*, see the end of the *Latin Dictionary*, under the letter M.

The short snug sword, of measure larks to spit,
 With modest hilt just peeping through the slit, 20
 From peaceful scabbard starts a warring blade,
 "By a mere bodkin the *Quietus* made."

So when a taylor on the shopboard sits
 Of galligaskins to repair the flits,
 Tormented by the foe, he vengeance vows, 25
 And with his spear, a needle, pricks a louse.

And now a general tumult reigns through all,
 "To arms, to arms," on ev'ry side they bawl.
 So loud the din, so terrible the roar,
 It pierc'd the earth to *Lethe's* farthest shore; 30
 Shook *Pluto's* throne,---who trembled for his friends,
 So skill'd, so prompt to serve their mutual ends.

N O T E.

V. 22. "By a mere Bodkin the *Quietus* made."

When he himself might his *Quietus* make
 With a bare bodkin.

HAMLET.

Resolv'd to part them, he ascends to light,---
Enters the room, in solemn vest bedight.

A fable truncheon his right hand displays, 35
And in his left four flaming torches blaze;
Rings on his fingers for departed friends;
Athwart his breast a filken scarf descends;
Plumes on his head, and on his back he bore,
Like herald's coat, a robe escutcheon'd o'er. 40
An UNDERTAKER aptly he appears: ----
Black is the constant dress Hell's Monarch wears.

Thus have we seen, in *Pantomimic* tricks,
Grim *Pluto* through the trap-door come from *Styx*;
Black and all black, all dismal is his suit, 45
And powder'd seems the peruke's self with foot:
His legs alone, with emblematic aim,
In scarlet-colour'd hose affect to flame.

“ Hold, hold, (he cries,) what means this desp'rate fray?
“ Will ye yourselves instead of others slay? 50

“ Has *Beaume* purg'd Autumn of each sad complaint?

“ The air in vain does *Influenza* taint?

“ What! no acute, no chronical disease,

“ No fevers want your aid? No pleurifies, 55

“ No coughs, consumptions, atrophies, catarrhs?

“ No foul mishaps from love's intemp'rate wars?

“ If ye neglect YOUR business, there will be,

“ Alas! I fear, but little work for ME.

“ What's in a name? That which we call a Wig, 60

“ By any other name would look as big.

N O T E S.

V. 52. *Has Beaume purg'd Autumn of each sad complaint?*
The air in vain does Influenza taint?

Beaume de Vie. A medicine so called, which is advertised as a sovereign remedy
 AGAINST AUTUMNAL COMPLAINTS.

Influenza. A distemper which rages in *Italy*, in the Summer months. The
 term has been adopted in *England*.

V. 58. *If ye neglect YOUR business, there will be,*
Alas! I fear, but little work for ME.

The two trades are so intimately connected, that an eminent Apothecary, whose
 eldest son is brought up to his father's profession, has, with a prudent forecast, bound
 his youngest son apprentice to an Undertaker.

V. 60. *What's in a name? That which we call a Wig,*
By any other name would look as big.

A parody on the following lines;

What's in a name? That which we call a Rose,
 By any other name would smell as sweet. ROMEO and JULIET.

- “ What’s in a place? Where’er ye had degrees,
 “ The fame the *Latin* in your *Recipes*:
 “ The scrawl, illegible to vulgar eyes,
 “ Denotes you deeply learn’d, and wond’rous wife.

65

- “ Think on the meed, that tickles sweet your hand,
 “ The glitt’ring meed, no Doctor can withstand..

- “ Though Doctors differ;---for the human tripe
 “ Though some the purge prefer, and some the pipe;
 “ Or in th’ intestines raise the sharp commotion,
 “ Some with a pill, and others with a potion;
 “ Though, to apply the flayer of the skin,
 “ Some hold a virtue, others hold a sin;
 “ In *Antimony* some their trust repose,
 “ And some in *Mercury*,---to save a nose;
 “ In this one point ye never disagree;---
 “ Ye’re all unanimous---about the fee.

70

75

N O T E S.

V. 72. *The Flayer of the skin.*

A poetical expression for *Emplastr. Epispastic*.---In plain *English*, a Blister.

V. 76. *In this one Point ye never disagree,
 Ye’re all unanimous---about the Fee.*

About each symptom how they disagree,---
 But how unanimous in case of fee.

GARTH.

“ Come then, my friends, (for now methinks I spy
 “ A mild complacency in ev’ry eye,
 “ Think on the meed, that tickles sweet your hand, 80
 “ The glitt’ring meed, no Doctor can withstand.

“ Like to the cur in *Æsop*’s tale display’d,
 “ Ye quit the substance, and embrace the shade.
 “ LICENTIATO *Licence* has---to kill:
 “ Can Socio boast a greater pow’r, or skill? 85

N O T E S.

V. 80. *Think on the meed that tickles sweet your hand,*
The glitt’ring meed, NO DOCTOR CAN WITHSTAND.

To corroborate the truth of this maxim, we shall take the liberty of setting down the two following short stories, by way of illustration. The circumstances required the stile of the narration to be more familiar than would suit with the dignity of the rest of the poem, to have them interwoven in the body of it.

A doctor once (no matter whence I ween,
 From *Oxford*, *Leyden*, *Cam*, or *Aberdeen*,)
 Was call’d to visit one with utmost speed;
 But, when he came, behold! the patient’s dead.
 “ What! dead?”-- “ Yes, doctor,---dead,—but here’s your fee.”--
 “ Oh, very well;---’tis all the the same to me.”

A doctor once (O tell it not in *Bath*,
 Left doctor SOMEBODY be much in wrath,)
 Soon as he saw the sick man, shook his head,---
 No pulse---no breath---the man, in short, was dead.
 Now as our doctor kept his silent stand,
 The tempting *shiner* in the dead man’s hand
 He saw, he touch’d --and seizing, “ ’Tis for me,”
 He cried, and took his farewell,---and the fee.

“ While ye dispute, and quarrel for a word,

“ Behold! your patients are to health restor’d.

“ Ye three-tail’d fages, cease your disputation,

“ Be friends, and social join in consultation;

“ Each shake his loaded noddle with the other, 90

“ And brother gravely smell his cane with brother.”

He ended, and forthwith to fight appears

A car triumphal in the form of hearse:

Six coal-black steeds “ drag’d it’s slow length along”,

Deaf to *Aight, Aight*, and heedless of the thong. 95

N O T E S.

V. 87. *Behold! your patients are to health restor’d.*

It is very remarkable, that the * DECREASE of BURIALS within the bills of mortality for the year 1767 is not less than 1299, owing, (it may perhaps be supposed) to the physicians having been so much taken up with squabbles among themselves.

* See the *General Bill of Mortality*, set forth by the parish clerks, from December 15, 1766, to December 16, 1767.

V. 90. *Each shake his loaded noddle with the other,
And brother gravely smell his cane with brother.*

An imitation of the following lines;

One fool lolls his tongue out at another,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

V. 94. *Six coal-black steeds “ drag’d its slow length along.”
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
And like a wounded snake, “ drags its slow length along.”*

V. 95. *Deaf to Aight, Aight, and heedless of the thong.*

Aight, Aight---an expression in the *Huynhym* language, made use of by coachmen, &c. in speaking to the horses, signifying, *Go on*.

These with dull pace th' infernal Monarch drew,
 (Laid flat upon his back, and hid from view,
 In awful pomp, slow, solemn, sad, and still,
 Through *Warwick Lane*, and on, (down *Ludgate Hill*,)
 To the *Fleet Market*,---whose stupendous ditch 100
 A lazy current rolls, as black as pitch;
 From whence a passage, dismal, dark, and dank,
 Leads underneath to *Acheron's* gloomy bank.
 Twelve fable imps the vehicle surround,
 And with lethiferous nightshade strew the ground: 105
 A strong perfume, as in his car he rode,
 Of *Affa Fætida* proclaim'd the God.

Their feuds forgot, the Doctors, with amaze
 And rev'rent awe, on the procession gaze.

N O T E S.

V. 106. *A strong perfume, as in his car he rode,*
Of Affa fætida proclaim'd the God.

Affa fætida, vulgarly called *Devil's Dung*; abundance of which is found about the
Peak in *Derbyshire*. [See *Cotton's* natural history of that place.]

T H E E N D.

